Corrigenda: For "Stately Plump..." to "Yes I Will Yes" Read

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Corrigenda: For "Stately plump..." to "yes I will Yes" read:

Ross G. Arthur
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Until very recently, I would have attributed the relative paucity of scholarly analysis of Joyce's amalgrams to the fact that they are simply too obvious to require comment. A chance remark, however, from one young colleague prompted me to survey others, and much to my surprise I discovered that many people who ought to know better were unaware of the extensive verbatim quotations from Jane Austen, Edmund Burke, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge embedded in *Ulysses*; what is more, a significant number of them—and not only the youngest!—were quite incredulous when I mentioned the incorporation into *Finnegans Wake* of a transmogrification of the entire text of *Ulysses.* The only solution to this problem is of course a publication of the evidence.

Inasmuch as it is a straightforward transcription, the embedding of *Pride and Prejudice* in *Ulysses* needs nothing more than a straightforward, computer-generated demonstration:

> alachi Mulligan, two dactyls. But **it** has a Hellenic ring, hasn't it?
> ne: — For this, O dearly beloved, **is** the genuine christine: body and
> came from the stairhead, bearing **a** bowl of lather on which a mir
> e he added:—To tell you the God's **truth** I think you're right. Damn al
> hoopsa!Hoopsaboyaboyhoopsa! **Universally** that person's acumen is
> downe roads His Excellency **acknowledged** punctually salutes fro
> ldly at the shaking gurgling face **that** blessed him, equine in its
> hut your eyes, gents. One moment. **A** little trouble about those white
> anean aqueduct of filter mains of **single** and double pipeage construct
> fear. Out here in the dark with a **man** I don't know raving and
> ards him and made rapid crosses **in** the air, gurgling in his throat
> sombrero, which has been in the **possession** of his family since the
> rom the stairhead, bearing a bowl **of** lather on which a mirror and a
> came from the stairhead, bearing **a** bowl of lather on which a mir
> ds. — Dedalus, come down, like a **good** mosey. Breakfast is ready. Hai
> red slowsyrupy sloe. —Here's **fortune**, Blazes said. He pitched
> sunny like the buck himself. We **must** go to Athens. Will you come if
> ontentedly. Secondleg they should **be**. God knows what poxy bowsy
> owards him and made rapid crosses **in** the air, gurgling in his throat

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ce gilded with marmalade. I don't **want** to be debagged! Don't you play
g mountains. Then, catching sight **of** Stephen Dedalus, he bent towards
a mirror and a razor lay crossed. **A** yellow dressinggown, ungirdled,
leaves: and towards him came the **wife** of Mr David Sheehy M. P.

The revised *Ulysses* included in the *Wake* is, of course, an infinitely more complex matter; each word is transformed in a way that requires comparison to the original, and the placement of those words in the *Wake* inescapably transforms their connotations; because I hold the position that it is the linear renarrative that matters most, however—and because the editors were reluctant to grant me the tens of thousands of pages that a vertical contextual presentation would require—I have opted for more traditional methods. I have limited myself here to two segments, in the sure and certain knowledge that the vision of Alpha and Omega will inspire belief in Beta through Psi:

Schystimatically, plumptylump Baulk Mouldhering cumb fromm the straat, blarneying a bubel of louther on whitch a morefar ond a fargazer lave carsed. A yella grossgrown, longtobechronickled, waast subustioned nuggently behound him on the mailde momourning yare. He horild the babybell alift ond truetoned:
—Inthro ibi aut altare Dio.
Haulted, he pured downg the durck awondering sterres ond ceilidhe upt scarsely:
—Coombe upp, Ffrinch! Coombe upp, ye fraudstuff joyoust!
Solemonly he comme whenceforward ond semidemented the rond gangstairs. He phaked abhout ond bloasted figuratleavely threece the thore, the squirtscreened lifewand ond the awinking gentlemens. Then, chanching seight of Stigmataphoron Durrydunglecks, he bint tailwords him ond meade reparteed crosskisses in the aire, gourgling in his throth ond shimmeryshaking his howd. Stuprifying Diamondskulled, displeaced ondt seepy, lound his ars on the tipp of the stircus ond louched childy at the shevering gourgling phace that bloasted him, yoxen in its longth, ond at the allnight unmentionablest hayre, greeneyed ondt howed like poul oach.
Boche Mulligrubs peepet an instench undher the marrer ond then circumveiloped the borstel secretely.
—Bauck to basilikerks! he sagd sternely.
He anded in a princesse toone:
—For thise, O dearby bellyvoid, is the guenneses crumbends: badday ond shoul ond bloo ond ownest. Sloy mujic, pleece. Shat yer eynes, gients. Oyne meddlement. A loutll treubleu abhout thoose whuite chirpsies. Soilers, aal.
He pured sindays upp ond gabe an appling sloy whissle of cooll, then posied awhoyle in rast hattention, his eten whuite teath luistening heer ondt thore with gould poinds. Chrystal-chromous. Twoe streng sharpnel whipples amsered throuth the calam.
—Wonks, ould chopp, he crid bruskly. That weel do norcely. Szewched ooft the courants, weel yoh?

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He scrapheaped ooft the gangstairs ond louched grilsy at his wodkar, gatherumed abhout his leps the loust foles of his ghoon. The pumpt shauted phace ondt sulken uval jool portcullised a prattlepate, pattrin of artis in the moddle agen. A pleastoseen smeoil bruck quantly abover his leps.

—The regnumrockery of it! he sagd ghouly. Yare abstrew nomme, an encient Gravydock!

He presainted his figger in guestfriendly gest ondt waount abover to the principot, laubhing to humself. Starvision Thinkamuddles slepped upp, folloged him wearywilly halfkneed ond sodhe downg on the bodgbox of the graciast, wasching him stheal as he prepostered his mardhyr on the perpepperpot, desippated the brooche in the beall ond lloydhaired chees ond mnice.

Banck Moutonleg's gayl voyce waount on.

—My nomme is bloodiblabstard twoo: Mistletouch Mealiebag, twoe dactylise. But it hoth a Hellsinky rong, hosen it? Trippings ondt senny like the baulk humself. We moest goh to Ashens. Weel youd carmp if I kinn gert the oneeyed to forx upt twenny quot?

He laird the brooche allside ond, lauwering with daylit, crid:

—Weel he comf? The jinnyjos joyoust!

Caperchasing, he begad to sauve with chare.

—Thoil me, Muddleage, Straphanger sagd quantly.

—Yest, my lave?

—Howe lieflang is Heavenspawn gogoing to tay in thise twowsers?

Brach Morvenlight shote a shouldhavebeen keek abover his oxsight shoulden.

—Gudhe, isnor he druidful? he sagd frankily. A prostrandvorous Seoosoon. He swanks yor nat a gentlermen. Guid, thees blondy Unglish! Bursthright with miny ond sangwidges. Bycause he chimbes fromm Oxmaul. Yourll noo, Truetoflesh, yourll habe the royghal Oxeyed manier. He canat mick your upt. O, my pnum for yoursell is the beest: Panch, the parlourmade....

...ana the noght we mustied the bett at Algebrars the watchyoumaycodding geing abutt swaran with his lamm ana O that woful drooplin tyrent O ana the soay the swoo crimsend samething like faire ana the glowrings sunsunsuns ana the fairlygosmotherthemselves in the Alomdree guardiance yees ana aal the quee louthly streelwarkers ana the ponk ana bloo ana youllow howareyous ana the recoursers ana the jealosomines ana gerandiums ana cuncties ana Globbtrottel as a gayl wher I wyst a Flickerflapper of the mondayne yest when I poot the rost in my hor like the Underrails gigls essied or shool I wewere a rudhe yese ana howe he choosed me nuder the Mistlethrush wald ana I thight whaal as whoel him as aneither ana then I asped him with my eygs to aisch agrin yeg ana then he musked me wauld I yayas to sey yous my mounden flurewaltzer ana farrest I upt my ars aroint him ys ana druve him dyin to me so he coold foull my breasths aal perfumios yea ana his haard waast genitricksling like mand ana yea I sagd yea I whowl Yea.

Tristiest-Zurichschicken-Perce 1914–1921.

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